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the chorus breaking in, ever and anon, upon the melody, except perhaps the thrilling sensation communicated by the *sotto voce* "whisper now," in which Braham is so effective; the chorusses are fine throughout, and partake much of the German school, indeed there are evident traces of Weber in many parts of the opera. In the last scene the Author presents us with a melange of the various airs throughout the piece, and the beautiful transitions from the Allegro to the Penseroso, are managed with a skill that would do credit to Rossini, master, as he undoubtedly is, of the crescendo style.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the manner in which the opera was represented here; we shall merely remark that Braham does ample justice to all his songs, and to our taste he sings the Barcarole better than we have heard it, either in France or Germany—(Italy does not patronize French music,) and in return for the great pleasure he afforded us, we cannot better express our gratitude than by entreating the manager, not to peril his life, or even scare his nerves, by that ill-timed excursion on horseback, with which one scene is concluded; the other performers were respectable in the various parts allotted to them—yet we may suggest to Mr. Brough, that a fisherman is not necessarily a bandit, and need not *ex officio* look like a cut-throat. There are some curtains, and one chorus has been entirely omitted.

The scenery deserves our most unqualified admiration, and though it is difficult to particularize where all is good, yet we would recommend to the especial notice of our play-going friends, the view of the Market-Place, and also that of the Bay of Naples, in which the effect of interminable distance is so powerfully combined with the apparent haze of an Italian noon.

FINE ARTS.

THE DEAD CHRIST.

WE have in preparation an article upon the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland, which we shall introduce to our readers in our second number; for the present we must limit ourselves to a brief notice of the statue now exhibiting at the Royal Irish Institution. "Christ taken from the Cross," executed in marble by Mr. Hogan, a Cork artist. It has attracted much and deserved attention, and the artist has been honoured with a gold medal by the Dublin Society. It is indeed a beautiful statue. The death-like repose of the whole figure is peaceful yet awful. The head, hands and arms recline in powerless rigidity, conveying at once to the mind the expression of death, with a fidelity we have rarely seen imparted to stone. Were they severed from the body, and laid in a place by themselves, one would still perceive, at a glance, that they belonged to the figure of a corpse. The right leg and foot are stretched together by the peculiar recumbent posture of the body, into that continuous stiffness, which, while it displays the varied talent of the artist, is still strikingly true to nature. The face (though deficient in Grecian delicacy and intellectual character, especially about the nose,) is, in other respects, highly expressive; dignity, sweetness, and the last traits of the agony of the cross, are blended with considerable skill.

There is even depicted in the suffering lineaments, particularly about the mouth, an expression of rapture as if in conscious triumph over the grave. The shape of the breast, and the sunken position of the entire frame, display a master's hand, and speak volumes for the artist's powers of observation and composition. Indeed the anatomy of the figure seemed to us, throughout, remarkably perfect; every muscle is a study. From the sunken and death-like features, and the exquisite yet truly natural expression of the mouth, it may well be seen that the artist is one

— "Who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,"

* * *
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild and placid air,
The rapture of repose that's there."

The hair flows down in a very graceful manner; it is however in the Italian stony style, and not like the rich natural hair of Chantry and our best British sculptors.

There is also lying for public inspection a Fawn, by the same artist, cast in plaster from a model executed by him in Rome. This is a highly wrought representation of nature in its picturesque mythological garb, under the influence of intoxication. The Fawn has staggered and fallen over his empty urn, he still endeavours to rise and to support himself on his left hand, while his right yet grasps convulsively the darling cup, and every vein that swells on the surface of both, proclaims how his blood is careering through its channels, under the influence of the potent libations which he has been quaffing in honour of plump Bacchus with pink eyne, whose emblems wreath his urn. The countenance is truly voluptuous, and the head presents a fine illustration of the natural expression of the phrenological feature "Gustativeness." We do not know if Mr. Hogan intended this, but the effect is happy and highly characteristic.

We had written a charming critique, but somewhat lengthy, picking divers holes in both the statue and the cast, and pointing out how Mr. Hogan may attain a more graceful general outline, and more Grecian elegance and lightness in his next statue, but in this, as in fifty other capital articles omitted or curtailed, our 'very exquisite fooling' is cheated of its fair proportions by the dingy demon of the printing office crying "hold enough."

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH.

No. 1.

Edinburgh, December 28th, 1829.

EDINBURGH is not quite so full at this moment, as it was a fortnight since, and will be again a week hence. During the Christmas holidays our courts of law do not meet, and the consequence is, that many of our advocates and writers to the signet—an important part of the population in Edinburgh—betake themselves to country stations where they are sure of plump goose and luscious turkey. The young gentlemen of the University avail themselves of a similar opportunity, and rattle away in the stage coach to astonish and delight their country cousins. You are of course aware, that we presbyterians, do not attach any importance to Christmas in a religious point of view, and the only use to which we turn the

day, is to make it the occasion of eating one of the very best dinners we can possibly get, and of drinking a proportionate number of bumpers to the health of all our friends and relations, down to cousins seventeen times removed.

On the whole, Edinburgh is tolerably brisk this season. Last winter was terribly dull, but there are better hopes of this. You will be surprised, however, to learn that the only place of public amusement we have, is the Theatre Royal. The minor theatre is closed, and there is not a single exhibition of any kind where one can loiter away an evening hour. Nor is the theatre, after all, very well attended. Miss Paton, who was here about six weeks ago, drew splendid houses; but Macready, Miss Smithson, and the regular company have performed since to but indifferent audiences. Sir Walter Scott's tragedy called, "The House of Aspen," which appears in the "*Keepsake*," was produced about a week ago in very excellent style; but it is a heavy acting play, and though it has been repeated every night since, it does not draw houses. A pantomime is in preparation, which will no doubt induce all the good papas and mammas, to make their small but numerous families happy for one evening. Our other gaieties in prospect, are four subscription concerts, given annually, by the society of professional musicians: the public assemblies, of which there are also four, and to which will probably be added a fancy ball. The theatrical fund dinner, which is fixed for the 29th of January, the second that has taken place in Edinburgh, is rendered memorable by the fact, that at the first meeting (in 1827) of the members and patrons of the association, Sir Walter Scott, who was in the chair, publicly confessed himself the author of all the Waverley novels. In addition to these amusements, we shall of course be visited by a few lions, who will afford materials for the gossip of a day.

In the literary world, I am not aware that there is anything very remarkable stirring. Our periodical literature seems to be flourishing, although, as you know, our great Aristarchus—Francis Jeffrey, has retired from the labour of editing the *Edinburgh Review*, and the task has now devolved upon Mr. Macvey Napier. Besides Blackwood, which every body knows and reads, we have another magazine, called *The New Scots Magazine*, which is edited by Mr. Peterkin. We have also a *Literary Journal*, which has got into very extensive circulation, as it is to be hoped your *Dublin Literary Gazette* will do; and Dr. Browne, formerly Editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, announces, that in addition to the eight newspapers we already possess, he is about to establish a ninth—called *The North Briton*. The Edinburgh newspapers are all respectable, and are on a much better footing, I believe, than is general elsewhere. An action of damages against an Edinburgh paper is quite a rarity. While talking of our periodical literature, I must not of course omit to mention *Constable's Miscellany*, the father of all the *Family Libraries* and *Pocket Cyclopedias* now in existence. Notwithstanding the number of rivals that have started up, it still keeps its ground, and I believe pays well. The proprietors are about to publish "A History of Chivalry and the Crusades," which I believe will be found an interesting work; and they have also in preparation a "History of the Knights of Malta,"—a "History of Music,

ancient and modern"—a "History of France," and "Lives of King James the First, Sir William Wallace, and Francis Pizzarro." The new edition of the Waverley novels is another periodical work, which I believe has a greater circulation than all the rest put together, and sets a sum of money into circulation in that way, beyond all parallel of former times.

Most of our publishing booksellers appear to have their hands full. Mr. Black announces a new edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*." Mr. Tait is busy with "Tyler's History of Scotland," which is to extend to six volumes, and "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials." Messrs. Oliver and Boyd have just published, "Memoirs of Paul Jones," and some other interesting works: in short they are all at work on a smaller or larger scale.

I have not yet got quite heated into my subject, and you will probably therefore think this a dull letter, but I hope to become more brilliant ere long.

B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

My fair and gentle Ellen—when thou strayest,
What time the shades of evening fall to earth,
And skies begin to darken; giving birth
To many meditations, not the gayest,
But not the less delightful: if thou stayest,
'Till piercing through its far-off fleecy shroud,
The evening star shines forth, while every cloud
Assumes a darker hue: as thou surveyest
With pensive and admiring eye the scene,
Haply the breeze grows loud, and o'er the sky
Swift drive the troubled clouds: ah, then I ween
Mightest thou think of one, whose rapt thoughts fly
With a like troublous haste—and yet serene
Like yon bright star, thine image there doth lie.

J.

"Brama assai; poco spera, e nulla chiede."

The line's in Tasso; he describes a lover
Whose modesty I fear might mar his marriage,
At least our modern fair ones would discover
Something too timid in such gentle carriage.

I'm very sorry for it—but the truth is
Even love is changed from what it was of yore,
And he who asks for nought, a silly youth is,
Who'll get—just what he asks, and nothing more.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Dublin, January, 1830.

We are happy to learn that a complete edition of the collected works of Archbishop Usher is in the University Press, and already far advanced, under the able superintendence of Dr. Elrington, king's professor of divinity. This ought to have been done very long ago; there are many and important privileges belonging to the University Press and to that of the king's printer in Ireland, which are allowed to fall into desuetude in the most extraordinary manner, to the great detriment not only of the public but even of the individuals connected with these establishments. We shall return to this subject, and try to rouse the apathy of the parties most immediately interested.

A new Greek and English Lexicon by Dr. Hincks, author of an ancient and modern geography, will soon appear in square 12mo.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, in 2 vols. a work of which, from the specimens we have seen, we augur very favorably, is already far advanced.

We are happy to learn that the second edition of Mrs. S. C. Hall's delightful little volumes, entitled Sketches of Irish Character, is nearly ready; we wait for its appearance, to notice the work more particularly.

Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. J. C. Lloyd, Chaplain to the Moynieux Asylum, in the press. We understand that a second series of the Irish Pulpit is in preparation.

A new edition of Gisborne's Survey of the Christian Religion will be ready in February.

An enlarged edition of the Sacred Harp, embellished with a portrait of Bishop Heber, is nearly ready. The Northern Tourist is already far advanced. The embellishments will be of a superior order; the drawings are by our esteemed friend George Petrie, Esq. and are engraved on steel by Miller of Edinburgh. Some of them we have seen, and we have only to express our hope that the letter press may equal the engravings.

A new and improved edition of Livy, books 1 to 3, with English notes, by James Prendergast, S. T. C. D., is nearly ready.

We have heard rumours of a Limerick Magazine, about to be established. Is Saul also among the prophets? If it be decent, we shall do all we can for it. We perceive by the *Belfast Guardian*, that an Ulster Magazine has suddenly started into existence; as it has not yet reached us, we cannot pronounce upon its merits. A cheap religious Magazine for the poor, is promised in Dublin, by the middle of the month. It is purposed at present to establish a Zoological Society in Dublin.

In Belfast, subscriptions have been raised, and ground taken for erecting a Public Museum.

A Munster College is proposed to be erected on the ruins of the Cork Institution.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are deeply indebted to the Doctor for his profound and brilliant critique upon the *Annals* for 1830; two months since, the article would have made our fortune, but what he could mean by such an elaborate affair at this time of day, when every one has dismissed and forgotten the subject ages ago, we cannot understand; unless he thought our readers would be simple enough to mistake the nominal date of these publications, for the real one. By the bye, there is something absurd, however, in books with 1830 printed in the title page, being almost out of date and memory, on this the first day of that year. It is somewhat strange, that in all the numerous and voluminous critiques upon the *Annals*, which have appeared in Great Britain, there has not been a single judicious observation made on the embellishments, in any manner tending to the improvement of that important branch of the Fine Arts. We shall manage these things better in Ireland, when the time comes round again.

Our notices of learned Societies, and of several new Works of interest, as well as the rest of those to our numerous correspondents, are necessarily postponed this week for want of room.

In consequence of the Board of Stamps in Ireland, refusing to grant to the publishers of the "*Dublin Literary Gazette*" the privilege which is enjoyed by similar Literary Journals in London and Edinburgh, of stamping a part of their impression for country circulation, the proprietors are reluctantly compelled to relinquish this intention. The Post Office, however, with the liberality and accommodating spirit which always distinguish that excellent establishment, has enabled us to make an arrangement, by which we can transmit even a single copy by post, to any town in Ireland, at a moderate expense, no part of which shall fall upon our subscribers. But it is necessary to observe, that copies for the country must be forwarded from our office, and not in the ordinary way of newspapers. Persons residing in the country have only to pay their subscription through the Clerks of the Roads, and the paper will be punctually dispatched, so as to reach them along with their Dublin letters by Saturday's post. Our circulation in Great Britain is necessarily confined by the Stamp Office, to the agency of the Booksellers, to whom we forward the paper through the British mail office at a very heavy expense. Our friends in London, will be good enough to order the Paper either at Hurst and Chance's, our immediate publishers, or any other Bookseller in town.

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Prospectuses of terms, &c. to be had at the Library. Books sent to all parts of the country. 43, Lower Sackville-street, 1st January, 1830.

NEWS-ROOM AND CIRCULATING LIBRARY, No. 11, Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, GERRARD TYRRELL, Proprietor.

IN consequence of the numerous applications which have lately been made by Gentlemen wishing to become subscribers to

THE NEWS-ROOM,

Irrespective of the Circulating Library, the Proprietor respectfully announces his intention of receiving Subscriptions for the *News-Room alone*, which is spacious, elegantly fitted up, and regularly supplied with the London and Dublin Daily Papers, Magazines, Reviews, &c.

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LOGIERIAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 50, RUTLAND-SQUARE WEST.

MR. AND MRS. E. C. ALLEN, (*Son-in-Law and Daughter of Mr. Logier*), Principals. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Allen beg to remind the Parents of their Pupils, that the business of the Academy will be resumed on Wednesday and Thursday next, the 6th and 7th inst.

N. B. Prospectuses containing every necessary information may be had at the Academy, as in this place Mr. and Mrs. Allen do not conceive it at all necessary to offer one word of eulogium either on the simplicity or security of their system, or the excellence of their Academic arrangements, all those points having been unequivocally proved by the decided superiority of the effects which their Pupils produced at their Concerts—effects which those who witnessed will not readily forget, and which those who did not, cannot easily comprehend.

January, 2d, 1830.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.

Just published, price 42s.

A SYSTEM OF THE SCIENCE OF MUSIC AND PRACTICAL COMPOSITION, incidentally comprising what is usually understood by the term THOROUGH-BASS. Dedicated, by permission, to his most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth, by J. B. LOGIER.

Dublin published by J. B. Logier, Music Saloon, 46, Upper Sackville-Street, and J. Green, 33, Soho-square, London, Publisher of all Mr. Logier's Works, Manufacturer of the CHIROPLAST, &c. &c.

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New and improved Editions of the Rev. T. D. Hincks' Ancient and Modern Geography.

This day is published, with a beautiful Vignette Frontispiece, price 9d. a new Edition, being the 12th of

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